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excellence even in Chaucer's time. The Company of Cutlers, incorporated in the reign of James I, took it upon them to examine & affix their marks to all Sheffield wares of good quality, with a view to the good name of the town & its great industry; but their 'occupational' song "the great annual Cutlers' Feast" gives occasion chiefly for the display of political eloquence.

The peculiar qualities of steel, its ductility, malleability, ductility, hardness, depends upon the introduction of carbon in certain proportions into the very substance of the iron. The best iron for the purpose is that of Dannemora in Sweden, lately made with ~~iron~~ charcoal. Few British ores yield iron sufficiently pure for the purpose. The processes employed both in the making & the manufacture of steel are excessively interesting, but our space does not allow of a description of them. The Bessemer Process, now seen fully at Sir Henry Bessemer's manufactory here, exhibits one of the most extraordinary triumphs of mind over matter which our century has seen. According to the ordinary process, some twenty days are required to convert iron into steel; according to the Bessemer process, the whole is accomplished in half an hour. The steel manufactures of Sheffield fall into three classes - Cutlery, that is, edged implements for domestic & personal uses. Large objects forged in steel - as steel bars for railways, &c.; & edged tools employed by workmen. Whatever may be said for ~~the~~ <sup>English</sup> other manufactures, Sheffield cutlery still bears the palm for excellence all over the world.

Sheffield, which is, after Leeds, the largest & most important town in Yorkshire, has the usual public buildings, parks & amusements of a great town. Town Hall

Each out - in the Dutch taste introduced by William of Orange, with parks, temples, terraces, statues - perpetual surprises & happy effects. but - a more natural environment would, perhaps, have been more in character with the genius: immense & impressive as they are, bringing before you, as all the reading in the world fails to tell, the elaborate organization, wealth & power of the great religious house of the Middle Ages.

While St Bernard was introducing a discipline of severe rule & strictest poverty amongst the Cistercians, rumours of his doings reached certain fondly Benedictine of St. Mary's, York. These complained, (1132), to Archbishop Thurstan that they were constrained to dwell in the tents of Mescheth. After vain attempts to reform the ungodly house to which they belonged, he removed the unhappy monks, giving them a retreat in the lonely valley of the little Ouse. Here they sheltered under the yew, - under the 'Seven Sisters,' perhaps, two of which remaining, evidenced a sharp conflict with poverty. Then, Hugh, Dean of York, came & lived amongst them, leaving them means to build, which they did, calling their Abbey 'Frotes,' a Fortification fitting name for his Yorkshire claim where ever spring still rise within the site. The building continued

Roughfont - the 12<sup>th</sup> Century, the house reached the most proportions indicated by the remains: wealth, in lands & stock, flowed in on these Cistercians, until according to Whitley, the lands of Fontenay extended for an uninterrupted space of more than 30 miles.

Roughfont, on the Ouse, is chiefly interesting as the scene of the battle in which St. Thomas of Lancaster - of whom we shall hear more in connection with Pontefract - was defeated by the royal troops. His cornet in arms the Earl of Hereford fell upon the bridge, but he was taken to the castle of Pontefract for execution.

Old borough preserves its name, for it contains remains of the Roman Eboracorum, probably as large & important a city as York was under the Romans. Here are Roman pavements on view in the college, & in the 'Museum Eboracorum' in the garden of the Manor House, there is a valuable collection

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Collection of the implements of daily life in use in  
this Roman city, fifteen centuries ago.

### Widdale.

The springs of the Widd are in Great Wharfedale, in a region  
wild & bleak as any in Yorkshire. Not far from its source,  
the new-born river disappears, or nearly so, into a cavern  
called the Gooden Pot, whence it emerges after half  
a mile of under-ground course. Below Ratcliffe Bridge  
is the most curious sight of the Widd valley, the celebrated  
Swimham Crags - rocks of enormous size &  
fantastic shapes crowded together on a bleak  
moor in a way to suggest that Nature has been  
playing some huge practical joke. The odd shapes, to  
which various appropriate names have been given,  
are entirely the result of weathering on rocks of  
unequal hardness.

Nearly three centuries ago, the Spas were discovered  
which are the raison d'être of Wharfedale. more  
than 20 other springs are now known, all more  
or less impregnated with sulphur, & Wharfedale is  
the most fashionable inland watering place of the  
north: its greatest attraction is, perhaps, the fine  
pure moorland air it enjoys.

On the opposite bank of the Widd, here a broad full river,  
rise the ruined towers of Knaresborough Castle, on  
a high cliff overlooking the town, which is, next  
after Richmond, the most beautifully situated in  
Yorkshire. Here is a dungeon where the murderers of  
Becket kept in hiding for a year: the King's Chamber  
was one of the prisons of Richard II. & during the  
Civil War, the castle sustained a siege from the  
Parliamentary forces under Lilburne. Knaresborough  
has a very important corn market. The Cave of St. Robert  
in the river's bank, was the dwelling of the holy  
hermit, St. Robert: Wotton even King John did  
honour, & has a less enviable notoriety as the scene  
of the murder committed by Eugene Aram.

What

the air is uncontaminated & delicious as in  
any highland straths. The river comes with a  
hasty course from the high peat-moors, brown high  
& bonny, hurrying, every few paces, over boulders  
of white, grey limestone, cunningly trimmed  
with the darkest mosses. Every village in the  
valley has <sup>its</sup> tale of disaster, wrought by the Wharfe  
in flood - loss of life both of man & beast, bridges  
& dwellings carried away, when, after heavy rains  
the Wharfe overflows its banks, & sweeps, with its  
fury, down the steep descent of its upper valley.  
The pleasant villages - Burnesall being the loveliest  
village of the dale - are scattered two or three  
miles apart - each with laithes (cow-houses) in  
the village street. In the Craven folk are chiefly  
employed in the rearing of cattle & sheep, & the  
Craven cattle are the boast of the country side.  
There is hardly a patch of corn to be seen in the  
upper valley, but - such meadows! gay with  
many coloured flowers - especially with the  
big purple wild geraniums - before the grass is  
cut - when, of the brightest green. The hay harvest  
is the great event of the year in the dale.

Upper Wharfedale is lovely throughout, & Bolton  
Woods - 'the loveliest, only more so.' There is, certainly, a  
softness & loveliness, but that is because the Wharfe  
swift & straight until now, here winds excessively  
so that from some points of view, you may  
see four or five gleaming water-lilies side by  
side. Every loop of the river winds round a  
green, low, shaded meadow dotted with cattle  
on either side of the meadow are the high fells & the  
slopes


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Slopes thickly wooded. Now the woods gather  
upflow to the river. Now, they fall back, leaving  
green lawns: from whatever point you look, the  
beautiful ruins of the Abbey shine out - of the  
greenness on the one hand, & on the other  
the grey buttrets of a ruined tower in the distance,  
nearly hidden amongst verdure. Threading  
the Woods in every direction are paths - not less  
than fifty miles of riding, with benches  
commanding the best points of view. The Abbey,  
graceful, even in decay, gives meaning to  
the whole. The foundations of these <sup>Abbeys</sup> ~~Abbeys~~  
houses were men to marvel at. Every lovely  
dale in Yorkshire testifies to their wit - in  
choosing sites, where were wood & water, command  
spaciously, rich for their fast day, & beautiful  
to gladden their eyes, & having chosen fitting  
heights how to raise - on levels high  
enough for dignity, & for security from river-  
floods, low enough for sheltered comfort,  
edifices thick, by right of position & beauty,  
dominate the valleys that hold them.

On a far smaller scale than Fountains,  
wanting the picturesqueness in ruin of  
Kirkstall, Bolton Abbey is distinguished  
amongst the northern houses only for  
beauty of situation. The shell of the Church is  
nearly entire, too much so, indeed, for picturesque  
effect: It exhibits two distinct styles of architecture,  
the twelfth century work of the original builder  
who appear to have finished the Choir before  
their migration from Embsay in 1154; & the fourteenth  
Bolton

12 Sept 1896  
Bolton to the Canons of Embsay. Dr. Whitaker,  
unwilling, as usual, to sacrifice a piece of  
tradition, suggests that the facts are probably  
true in the main, but refers to one of the two  
sons of Cecilia de Romville, the first founder,  
both of whom died young.  
The further history of the Abbey is marked by  
little but the repeated ravages of the Scots, who  
harassed this in common with all the  
northern houses. Thus, after the Battle of  
Bannockburn, in 1314 & the three or four following  
years, they seem to have come again &  
again, finally, in 1320, despoiling the  
Abbey land & putting canons & prior to  
flight - a disaster which the Priory did  
not recover for several years.

Bolton Abbey was condemned with the  
greater houses in 1540: after the Dissolution  
it remained in the King's hands for many  
years, when the site & demesne together  
with other estates were sold to Henry, Earl  
of Cumberland: how these estates fell  
to the present owner we shall have occasion  
to show elsewhere.



Stenton Head, Larned Head, & Loos Head, all exceeding  
1400 ft.  
The chalk Hills attain their greatest height in Wilton  
Beacon, 805 feet

Some fifths of the drainage of Yorkshire falls into the  
German Ocean by the Humber. The waters of the  
north river system - the Ouse, with its tributaries,  
Fishe, Wharfe, Aire, with the Calder, Don & Great  
Ouse, with those of the Humber & the insignificant  
streams below it. Of the remaining fifth, again,  
fully one half reaches the same ocean by the  
Tees, the Esk, & the little Swale. What is left - the  
drainage of the fragment of the north-west corner - east  
to the Irish Sea by the Ribbles & the Mersey.

The relative volume of these rivers depends upon the  
average rainfall in the district each drains. Thus  
the rivers of the west, where the average annual rainfall  
discharge much water in proportion to their drainage  
area. While the Don, draining a district whose  
average annual rainfall is not more than 24  
inches, discharges comparatively little water, though it  
has the largest drainage area of any Yorkshire river. There  
is a gradual increase in the amount of rainfall, from  
an average of 20 inches on the eastern lowlands, to 50 in the western  
highlands.

The district about the lower course of the Don & the  
Ouse is an immense peat-swamp, extending into  
Lincolnshire. The Ouse is navigable for steamboats  
as far as Selby, & from the beginning of the Humber  
that is, from the confluence of the Ouse & Great Ouse, to the sea  
is forty miles. At its widest part, the estuary is 5  
miles across; & three miles wide at Hull, where it receives  
the river Humber. Shifting sandbanks make the navigation  
of the Humber difficult.

Camden pronounces that, the best way to see Yorkshire  
is to follow up its several river valleys; & indeed it is  
only by exploring the dales that you get the full beauty of  
Yorkshire, & at the same time, comes the tales of historic  
& archaeological interest, & the seats of the pre-modern  
indus

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industries. We have not space to pass in review the whole of Yorkshire, valley by valley, but the lovely dells of the West-Riding demand our particular attention.

### The Dales of the West-Riding. Wensleydale.

Wensleydale, the valley of the Ure, falls within the West-Riding, but in the loopy of the river which skirts the West-Riding we have two or three centres of interest - Ripon, Fountains Abbey, Boroughbridge, & Aldbrough; at the confluence of the Ure & Ure. Ripon, which has lately made boast of its antiquity by a millenary celebration, is a pleasant - when city, whose great interest is the Cathedral. The part that, while the transcripts are short, the nave is wider than those of most English Cathedrals, combined with the sombre hue of the stone & the sparingly of ornament, give an air of height & severity of outline, more common in Scotch than in English Cathedral Churches. This Cathedral was not built in a day: the work of six distinct architectural periods, covering not less than eight centuries, is to be traced in its walls. Thus, we have the crypt called St. Wilfrid's Breckle, which was probably built by St. Wilfrid himself in the latter half of the seventh century; the Norman Chapter-house, remains of the Transitional Church built by Archbishop Roger; the beautiful early English west front of Archbishop Gray; the Decorated bays in the choir, & lastly, the Perpendicular nave, which, early in the sixteenth century replaced that of Archbishop Rogers. A Church which carries in its structure evidences of each of the great waves of style which has given character to ecclesiastical architecture - each such wave being the expression of some phase of religious feeling - is, itself, a monument of importance & interest: but the monuments it contains are not of special interest. Neither need the history of the ancient city of Ripon detain us.

A couple of miles out of Ripon are the ruins of ~~St. Mary~~ Fountains Abbey, within Wharfedale Royal. The east of the Marjins of Ripon. The grounds of Wharfedale Royal is beautiful (aid)

(12 p/7 cm 34 312)

The prettiest part of this corner of Yorkshire is the 'Valley of Godsmorden' in the valley of the Calder. Here are mill chimneys, it is true; but then, the mills rise by the river-side & pleasant old houses show themselves amongst the trees.

A walk across Longwood Edge brings you to Healey. Here are certain 'aeld' or old fields, where the plough is hindered by the foundations of an ancient city, probably the Roman city of Eborac - Eborac.

Not least amongst the clothing towns is Dewsbury, in the pretty valley of the Calder, with blanket, carpet & cloth factories, & shoddy mills. Here are important Co-operative Buildings, new provision is made for the amusement as well as for the material wants of the townspeople. Batley, near Dewsbury, has the largest shoddy mills, where old cloth is torn into shreds, the wool cleaned, & put through as many processes as new-shorn wool.

#### The Battles of Wakefield & Towton.

Wakefield, at one time a clothing town, is now a pleasant market town, with immense corn magazines & a corn exchange second only to the Fresh Lane Exchange. There is a bridge here, over the Calder, on the bridge, a little chapel, which was built by Edward IV. that prayers might be said therein for the soul of his father, because, on a spot close by the bridge, the Duke of York was slain in the famous battle of Wakefield (1460).

Queen Margaret rallying her strength for a great effort, had raised a northern army of 18,000 men, with which she marched upon Wakefield. The Duke of York set out from London to meet her with no more than from 4,000 to 5,000 men. Situated on a tree-covered hill nearly two miles from Wakefield, are still to be seen some fragments of Sandal Castle, at that time a fortress belonging to Richard of York. Here he took up his quarters, to wait the arrival of his son, Edward, Earl of March, with a contingent from Wales. The Queen advanced with her troops, but failed before the castle. Then she placed

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H 12 p 20 cm 34 H 17  
Then priests who are fellows of the college - the eleven  
apostles, they represent; the seventy scholars &  
their two masters - the seventy-two disciples; through  
the great gate way they make their solemn procession  
into the college, chanting <sup>all the time</sup> ~~as they go~~